

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 1.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## Letters From

J. L. Haight

(To be Continued Next Week)

I arrived at Netheravon from Oxford, Friday May 25th, and by mistake was sent on down to Gosport which is on the south-west coast of England. However, I came back the same evening and settled down very comfortable quarters of which I am sending you a snap. My batman was a treat and not only done for me what he was actually was paid mended my clothes, sewed buttons on and did everything in his power to make me comfortable. They have a splendid lay out down there, billiard rooms, reading and smoking rooms, a large tennis court, fine baths and a picture where the best of films of comedy. Six reels and serials were shown nightly with music, recitations and songs from those of us gifted that way. Splendid war pictures were also shown and these were intended to be of an instructional value. We were an elementary squadron and only flew Maurice Farman Longhorn and Shorthorn machines, these are a large clumsy machine of pusher type and fly from 50 to 70 miles per, they are not difficult to fly but are dangerous to one inexperienced who does not keep cool as it is very difficult to get them out of a side slip or a nose dive. They are also fairly difficult to land and the poor machines have a fine time putting new undercarriages under them as they are continually being crushed by new soloists. I went up with instructor on the Sunday following my arrival and spent 15 minutes joyriding, on coming down he asked me if I had flown before and on learning that I had took me up again and told me to fly it which I did to his satisfaction. The next day he took me up again and gave me an hour dual during which time I made 15 landings, when we came down he jumped off and sent me off on my first solo. By Wednesday of that week I had put in the required number of hours solo and passed my test. Thursday I came on up here (Bromwick Castle) to the advanced squadron having got through my "Rumpty" course in record time. ("Rumpty" is the affectionate term we gave the Maurice Farman.) When I arrived here I found a large number of those whom I had been at Oxford with on their elementary course, there being an elementary as well as an advanced squadron at this place. They were surprised to see me and could not believe that I had passed out of my elementary course, quite a number of them are still here yet on "Rumpties" and I am to leave here for graduation very shortly. I may beat them though with the second course if they aren't sly.

## The FAIR

### Postponed To

# Aug. 28th

After a period of four weeks of absolute dry weather the break in a day of rain came on the second day of Lomond's first attempt at holding an agricultural exhibition. The sky foreboded something nasty most all day on Monday, yet it was not so disagreeable as to prevent the exhibitors of inside materials from coming out along with a good crowd to watch the base ball match.

The directors had spared neither time nor expense in arranging the grounds and the success of their efforts can be realized when the complimentary remarks passed by the government judges are known. They placed the the Lomond ground accommodation above any country fair they had visited and gave the executive encouragement to go ahead and keep the idea of a successful fair ever before the minds of the public.

In ladies work the exhibits were excellent and numerous. The fancy work more than lined the centre tables that were apportioned for this class of exhibits. No end of compliments were paid to those who were responsible for the good showing.

The garden truck and domestic manufactures were not so well represented as will probably be the case at the postponed fair on August 28th. As far as garden truck is concerned the rainy weather will have the tendency to develop this line to a point where nearly every gardner will have something in which to centre his pride.

The entries in stock would have kept the judges busy nearly all the afternoon of the second day and it is to be hoped that more will be entered for the 28th. When informed of some of the classes that were to be represented the judges expressed great surprise that this new country should be developing the pure stock industry to such a high degree and noted with pleasure the numerous good starts made by stock breeders in this district.

Industrial exhibits of a Sawyer-Massey threshing outfit, Chevrolet and Elgin cars were shown by J. A. Bowers and created a good bit of interest.

The sport committee in conjunction

with the base ball club are certainly worth of a few complimentary remarks, as the game between Vulcan and Lomond proved to be the best exhibition of base ball seen in Lomond this summer - - the score stood 6-3 in favor of Vulcan. Titus started the game for Lomond but apparently could not hold the opponents down and was replaced by Wigg. The Lomond boys altogether played good ball but lacked the practiced team work that would have put class in some of the plays. After the first innings they outplayed Vulcan by one score. The proceedings were livened up by the little scrap in the neighborhood of first base, but even the constable failed to make any arrests over the case.

Everybody put their shoulder to the wheel a little harder and give a big push for the final drive for success on August 28th. The complete prize list will be given over again with some addition to the list of sports.

Watch for the new posters announcing the postponee fair.

Tell every body you meet and give a big boost for success.

All members of the Masonic Lodge in good standing are requested to leave their credentials at The Press office preparatory to calling a meeting to apply for a dispensation and charter for the organization of local order at Lomond.

One or two of the larger ranchers have requested The Press to agitate for the erection of larger stock yards here with at least two loading shutes so that they might ship from this point in preference to crossing the river with their stock as they have been compelled to do in previous years. As it is a matter of small expense to the railway company they should give the matter immediate consideration and give their customers as much consideration and convenience as possible.

The Press this week begins its second year of publication. How the time slips by.

## TRAVERS:

Mrs. Lola Clark returned last week from Minnesota where she was visiting relatives and friends for six weeks or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of the McGregor Hardware have both their parents visiting them, all coming from different points in Saskatchewan neither being aware of the others coming.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCann and Less Lawrence are visiting at Granum for a few days taking in the fair.

Miss Hamm has returned from her summer vacation and commenced another term of school in Sweet Valley District.

Mr. Stallcopp has secured a good well on his place which makes life worth living and farming a pleasure.

A few from attended the Retlaw Fair which seemed to create a great interest among the farmers.

Merle Baughman, Elmer Paulson, Geo. Hendrickson and Claude Fycen took a trip to the foot hills and spent the week end.

Roy Witting is in Calgary this week purchasing a separator to use with his big engine and expects to be ready for threshing in a few weeks.

The Implement men and all the help they can get are busy setting up binders. As high as eight and ten go out every day which look as though there is something to harvest.

Mr. St. John, manager of the bank here, has been transferred to the Lomond Bank; much to the regret of the town and district, but hope for another one as good and wish he and estimatable wife a pleasant change.

Mrs. Will Burton, of Badger Lake, was shopping in Travers on Wednesday and took supper with Mrs. Baughman.

The Ladies Aid meet August 22nd at the hall. All ladies are invited as two comforts will be tied and quilted. Each one is requested to bring something for lunch.

Miss Little has commenced her second term of school at Inglevew.

The Lomond Fair was not largely attended the first day many planning on going from here the last day but owing to the big rain were disappointed, we understand it has been postponed until Aug. 28th.

Land has started to change hands again in this vicinity.

Farmers are in to meet every train and pick up the surplus harvest hands. The wages will not be any higher than last year and harvest will not last as long.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ulrick and family of Champion, were Sunday visitors here with his brother, Herman.

(Continued on Page 4)

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, AUGUST 10, 1917

### Scalping Agents

This year as well as last the country has been infested with a class of scalping agents, book sellers, map sellers, and sellers of what-not, selling chiefly on the merit of flowery phraseology, and demanding prices for their wares that are far in excess of the regular market value. A good many of these healthy young individuals would do the country much better service if attached to a threshing crew or a machine gun corps. It is a pity that some kind of a tax could not be imposed on these imposters so that the public would be safeguarded.

### Son of H. C. Ficht Killed in Action

A telegram from Ottawa dated Aug. 20th to H. C. Ficht gave the report that 18494 Herbert R. Ficht was killed in action on July 20th.

He enlisted at Edmonton and went overseas with the Big Fleet. Landed in France on April 4th 1915, served in C. A. V. C. until the last two months. He joined 4th company of the 15th battalion. Herbert has done his bit who will fill his place.

F. Dodds spent the week end in a trip to the Hat.

### LOCALETS

The ladies of the Red Cross Society wish to thank all those who donated and helped serve refreshments during the day of the fair and from which the society realized about one hundred dollars.

Mr. Ralph Glenn, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. D. Watkins.

Lomond was well represented at the Vulcan Chautauqua this week at various performances and all report good entertainment.

The weekly half holiday was brought to a close on Thursday of this week on account of the harvest operations beginning and necessary accommodation called for by the farming community. It is altogether likely the half holiday will again be in vogue another summer.

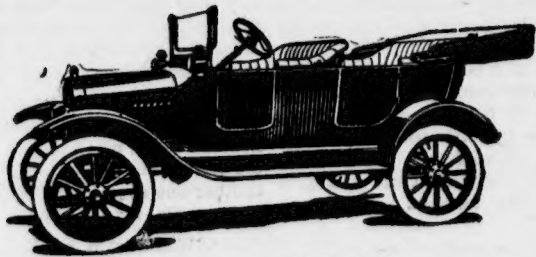
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Ostrum and family are down from Calgary and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Swain.

Miss Brown, the assistant postmistress, is holidaying in Medicine Hat. Edward Bowers is now assisting Mr. Parker in the shop.

L. M. Swain has severed his connection with the Standard Bank and is now in partnership with H. E. Elves in the real estate business. One of the first deals the new firm negotiated was the sale of Otto Hoeg's half section for the consideration of eleven thousand dollars.

V. Baker, Robt. Moir and Norris Hanna have been sporting around the swimming holes at Banff during the last week and are home again full of vim and ginger for fall business.

The conscription bill has passed its final reading and remains only for the senate and the imperial sanction to make the act effective.



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car  
\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

### Dollars and Cents

Buying a Ford car is a matter of dollars and cents to the purchaser.

In the first place the initial cost is a matter of economy when compared with other cars.

Then the cost of operation is low--this is an "ask a man who owns one" argument.

Compared with a team and carriage, the Ford comes away ahead in efficiency and economy. In these busy days a man cannot afford to spend much time travelling on the road. The Ford solves the problem for the farmer, the business man and everyone who requires a car.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.

## Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

**The Pioneer Store**  
A. PARKER, Prop.

## Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.  
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of  
High Grade Farm Machinery

## Blacksmith Coal

To supply the great demand for Blacksmith Coal among the farmers, we have shipped in a car load. Get your supply while it lasts.

## Binders

There was a great shortage last year and many orders were badly delayed. Early ordering this year will relieve you of all this worry.

FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY  
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.  
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS  
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

**Smith & Moran**



# Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS  
AND  
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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## SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse in a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

Louisa, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Kamleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

Woodhouse allays Koch's suspicions. Capper secretes himself in a neighboring garden and spies on Dr. Koch.

Capper sees the real Woodhouse borne out unconscious from Dr. Koch's house and follows the pseudo Woodhouse to Gibraltar. The latter stops overnight with Joseph Almer, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, and a German spy. Louisa is at Gibraltar in disguise.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Hotel Splendide.

**M**R JOSEPH ALMER, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, on Gibraltar's Waterport street, was alone in his office, busy over his books. The day was Aug. 5. The night before the cable had flashed word to General Sir George Crandall, governor general of the Rock, that England had hurled herself into the great war. But that was no concern of Mr. Joseph Almer except as it affected the hotel business. Admittedly it did bring complications there.

A sleek, well fed Swiss he was, one whose neutrality was publicly as impervious as the rocky barriers of his home land. A bland eye and a suave professional smile were the ever present advertisements of urbanity on Joseph Almer's chubby countenance. He spoke with an accent that might have got him into trouble with the English masters of the Rock had they not known that certain cantons in Switzerland are very close to the frontier of Germany, and Almer therefore was hardly to be blamed for an accident of birth.

It was 4 in the afternoon. The street outside steamed with heat, and the odors that make Gibraltar a lasting memory were at their prime of distillation. The proprietor of the Splendide was nodding over his books. A light footfall on the boards beyond the desk roused him. A girl with two cigar boxes under her arm slipped, like a shadow, up to the desk. She was dressed in the bright colors of Spain, a dark colored skirt under a broad Roman sash, and with thin white waist, open at rounded throat. A cheap tortoise shell comb held her coils of chestnut hair high on her head—Louisa of the Wilhelmstrasse, but not the same Louisa, the sophisticated Louisa of the Cafe Riche and the Winter Garden. A timid little cigarmaker she was here in Gibraltar.

"Louisa!" Almer's head bobbed up on a suddenly stiffened neck as he whispered her name. She set her boxes of cigars on the desk, opened them, and as she made gestures to point the worthiness of her wares she



"Haven't I been Josepha, the cigar girl?"

spoke swiftly and in a half whisper.

"All is as we hoped, Almer. He comes on the Princess Mary—a cablegram from Koch just got through today. I wanted—"

"You mean?" Almer thrust his head forward in his eagerness, and his eyes were bright beads.

"Captain Woodhouse—our Captain Woodhouse!" The girl's voice trembled in exultation. "And his number—his Wilhelmstrasse number—is—listen carefully—1932."

"Nineteen thirty-two," Almer repeated under his breath; then aloud, "On the Princess Mary, you say?"

"Yes; she is already anchored in the strait. The tenders are coming ashore. He will come here, for such were his directions in Alexandria." Louisa started to move toward the street door.

"But you?" Almer stopped her. "The English are making a roundup of suspects on the Rock. They will ask questions—perhaps arrest?"

"Me? No, I think not. Just because I was away from Gibraltar for six weeks and have returned so recently is not enough to rouse suspicion. Haven't I been Josepha, the cigar girl, to every Tommy in the garrison for nearly a year? No—no, senior; you are wrong. These are the purest cigars made south of Madrid. Indeed, senior."

The girl had suddenly changed her tone to one of professional wheedling, for she saw three entering the door. Almer lifted his voice angrily:

"Josepha, your mother is substituting with these cigars. Take them back and tell her if I catch her doing this again it means the cells for her."

The cigar girl bowed her head in simulated fright, sped past the incoming tourists and lost herself in the shifting crowd on the street. Almer permitted himself to mutter angrily as he turned back to his books.

"You see, mother? See that hotel keeper lose his temper and tongue lash that poor girl? Just what I tell you—these foreigners don't know how to be polite to ladies."

Henry J. Sherman—"yes, sir, of Kewanee, Illinois"—mopped his bald pink dome and glared truculently at the insulting back of Joseph Almer. Mrs. Sherman, the lady of direct impulses who had contrived to stare Captain Woodhouse out of countenance in the Winter Garden not long back, cast herself despondently on the decrepit lounge and appeared to need little invitation to be precipitated into a crying spell. Her daughter, Kitty, a winsome little slip, stood behind her, arms about the mother's neck and her hands stroking the maternal cheeks.

"Cheer up, mother. Even if this first trip of ours—this 'grand tower,' as the guidebooks call it—has been sorta tough we had one compensation anyway," said the magnate of Kewanee—"we saw the Palace of Peace at The Hague before the war broke out. Guess they're leasing it for a skating rink now, though."

"How can you joke when we're in such a fix? He-Henry, you ne-never do take things seriously!"

"Why not joke, mother? Only one thing you can do over here you don't have to pay for. Cheer up! There's the Saxonia due here from Naples some time soon. Maybe we can horn a way up her gangplank. Consul says—"

Mrs. Sherman looked up from her handkerchief with withering scorn.

"Tell me a way we can get aboard any ship without having the money to pay our passage. Tell me that, Henry Sherman!"

"Well, we've been broke before, mother," her spouse answered cheerily, rocking himself on heels and toes. "Remember when we were first married and had that little house on Liberty street—the newest house in Kewanee it was, and we didn't have a hired girl then, mother. But we come out all right, didn't we?" He patted his daughter's shoulder and winked ponderously. "Come on, girls and boys, we'll go look over those Rock chambers the English hollowed out. We can't sit in our room and mope all day."

The gentleman who knew Kewanee was making for the door when Almer, the suave, came out from behind his desk and stopped him with a warning hand.

"I am afraid the gentleman cannot see the famous Rock chambers," he purred. "This is wartime—since yesterday, you know. Tourists are not allowed in the fortifications."

"Like to see who'd stop me!" Henry J. Sherman drew himself up to his full five feet seven and frowned at the Swiss. Almer rubbed his hands.

"A soldier—with a gun, most probably, sir."

Mrs. Sherman rose and hurried to her husband's side in alarm.

"Henry—Henry! Don't go and get arrested again! Remember that last time—the Frenchman at that Bordeaux town." Sherman allowed discretion to soften his valor.

"Well, anyway"—he turned again to the proprietor—"they'll let us see that famous signal tower up on top of the Rock. Mother, they say from that tower up there they can keep tabs on a ship sixty miles away. Fellow down at the consulate was telling me just this morning that's the king pin of the whole works. Harbor's full of mines and things; electric switch in the signal tower. Press a switch up there and everything in the harbor—blam!" He shot his hands above his head to denote the cataclysm. Almer smiled sardonically and drew the Illinois citizen to one side.

"I would give you a piece of advice," he said in a low voice. "It is—"

"Say, proprietor, you don't charge for advice, do you?" Sherman regarded him quizzically.

"It is this," Almer went on, unperturbed. "If I were you I would not talk much about the fortifications of the Rock. Even talk is—ab—dangerous if too much indulged."

"Huh! I guess you're right," said Sherman thoughtfully. "You see, we don't know much about diplomacy out where I come from."

Interruption came startlingly. A sergeant and three soldiers with guns swung through the open doors from Waterport street. Gun butts struck the floor with a heavy thud. The sergeant stepped forward and saluted Almer with a businesslike sweep of hand to visor.

"See here, landlord!" the sergeant spoke up briskly. "Fritz, the barber, lives here, does he not?" Almer nod-

ded. "We want him. Find him in the barber shop, eh?"

The sergeant turned and gave directions to the guard. They tramped through a swinging door by the side of the desk while the Shermans, parents and daughter alike, looked on, with round eyes. In less than a minute the men in khaki returned, escorting a quaking man in white jacket. The barber, greatly flustered, protested in English strongly reminiscent of his fatherland.

"Orders to take you, Fritz," the sergeant explained not unkindly.

"But I haf done nothing," the barber cried. "For ten years I haf shaved you. You know I am a harmless old German." The sergeant shrugged.

"I fancy they think you are working for the Wilhelmstrasse, Fritz, and



"But I haf done nothing."

they want to have you where they can keep their eyes on you. Sorry, you know."

"Close in! March!" commanded the sergeant. The guard surrounded the hapless barber and wheeled through the door, their guns hedging his white jacket about inexorably. Sherman's hands spread his coat tails wide apart, and he rocked back forth on heels and toes, his eyes smoldering.

"Come on, father"—Kitty had slipped her hand through her dad's arm and was imparting direct strategy in a low voice—"we'll take mother down the street to look at the shops and make her forget our troubles. They've got some wonderful Moroccan bazaars in town. Baedeker says so."

"Shops, did you say?" Mrs. Sherman perked up at once, forgetting her grief under the superior lure.

"Yes, mother. Come on, let's go down and look 'em over," Sherman's good humor was quite restored. He pinched Kitty's arm in compliment for her guile. "Maybe they'll let us look at their stuff without charging anything. But we couldn't buy a postage stamp, remember."

They sallied out into the crowded street and lost themselves amid the scourgings of Africa and south Europe. Almer was alone in the office.

The proprietor sidged. He walked to the door and looked down the street in the direction of the quays. He pulled his watch from his pocket and compared it with the blue face of the Dutch clock on the wall. His pudgy hands clasped and unclasped themselves behind his back nervously. An Arab hotel porter and runner at the docks came swinging through the front door with a small steamer trunk on his shoulders, and Almer started forward expectantly. Behind the porter came a tall well knit man dressed in quiet traveling suit—the Captain Woodhouse who had sailed from Alexandria as a passenger aboard the Princess Mary.

He paused for an instant as his eyes met those of the proprietor. Almer

Woodhouse stepped up to the register and scanned it casually.

"A room, sir?" Almer held out a pen invitingly.

"For the night, yes," Woodhouse answered shortly, and he signed the register. Almer's eyes followed the strokes of the pen eagerly.

"Ah, from Egypt, captain? You were aboard the Princess Mary, then?"

"From Alexandria, yes. Show me my room, please. Beastly tired."

The Arab porter darted forward, and Woodhouse was turning to follow him



"Out you go!"

when he nearly collided with a man just entering the street door. It was Mr. Billy Capper.

Both recoiled as their eyes met. Just the faintest flicker of surprise, instantly suppressed, tightened the muscles of the captain's jaws. He murmured a "Beg pardon" and started to pass. Capper deliberately set himself in the other's path and, with a wry smile, held out his hand.

"Captain Woodhouse, I believe." Capper put a tang of sarcasm, corroding as acid, into the words. He was still smiling. The other man drew back and eyed him coldly.

"I do not know you. Some mistake," Woodhouse said.

Almer was moving around from behind the desk with the soft tread of a cat, his eyes fixed on the hard bitten face of Capper.

"Hah! Don't recognize the second cabin passengers aboard the Princess Mary, eh?" Capper sneered. "Little bit discriminating that way, eh? Well, my name's Capper—Mr. William Capper. Never heard the name—in Alexandria—what?"

"You are drunk. Stand aside!" Woodhouse spoke quietly. His face was very white and strained. Almer launched himself suddenly between the two and laid his hands roughly on Capper's thin shoulders.

"Out you go!" he choked in a thick guttural. "I'll have no loafer insulting guests in my house."

"Oh, you won't, won't you? But supposing I want to take a room here—pay you good English gold for it. You'll sing a different tune, then."

"Before I throw you out, kindly leave my place." By a quick turn Almer had Capper facing the door; his grip was iron. The smaller man tried to walk to the door with dignity. There he paused and looked back over his shoulder.

"Remember, Captain Woodhouse," he called back, "remember the name

against the time we'll meet again. Capper—Mr. William Capper."

Capper disappeared. Almer came back to begin profuse apologies to his guest. Woodhouse was coolly lighting a cigarette. Their eyes met.

### LOCALETS

Mrs. Farrel is in Calgary undergoing surgical treatment. Her numerous friends express the sincere wish for her speedy recovery. Miss Ada Farrel accompanied her mother to Calgary.

The reports of hail in the district south have caused a degree of anxious waiting on the part of Lomond farmers. Cutting is well commenced in part of country and all danger from this source will soon be past. The indications are that the yield will be greater than the anticipations of the majority during the period of drouth just ended. The kernels are well formed and are very numerous in the heads.

Jas. Manning and wife, of Hatton, Sask., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Manning in Lomond.

### TRAVERS

Mr. and Mrs. I. Groff, recently of Medicine Hat, came on Tuesday train as Mr. Murphy had wired him to come and run his engine for thrashing they wish to do light house keeping if rooms can be secured.

**A Bad Hail Storm Hits District South of Town, Many Windows Broken and Crops Destroyed**

Late Monday evening a heavy black cloud formed in the west moving S. E., which was wind and hail and destroyed everything in its path. Wheat that was ready to cut was all torn down and beaten out. Many had taken out new binders and twine preparatory to harvesting and were much disappointed the next morning. The strip reached out around the neighborhood of the Ben Dun's, Clint Jones, Sanders, and as far west as Ivan's farm. A majority of the stricken ones carried heavy insurance and will not feel the loss as badly as those that did not. There is nothing certain of a crop until it is thrashed and in the bin.

### LOST

A 30x3 1/2 auto tire fully inflated somewhere between Lomond and Armada. Suitable reward will be paid when same is left at The Press Office.

### LOST

Between Nanton and Lomond, tail light and number D. 83, Aug. 12th. Finder notify Jas. B. Marshall, Lomond, Alta.

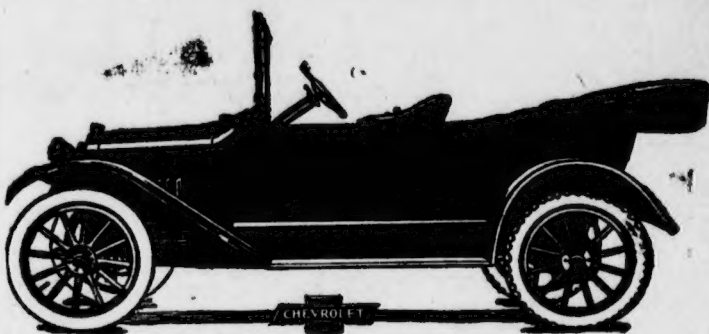


ASSOCIATED FARMERS  
Limited  
Lomond, Alberta

We Sell  
**J. I. CASE**  
Oil, Gas and  
Steam  
Engines, and  
Threshing Machines

**SMITH & MORAN**  
LOMOND

Press Want Ads Bring Results



## "Chevrolet"

Model "A" 490 - \$825.00

One Man Top, De-Mountable Rims,  
Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot  
Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line  
Body Painted Chevrolet Green.

Baby Grand - \$1325.00

Chevrolet Eight - \$1875.00

There is a "Chevrolet" to meet the demand of every buyer—from the serviceable "490" to the luxuriously designed "Chevrolet Eight".

SEE THE NEW "DODGE"  
Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Sawyer-Massey Threshing  
Machinery.

Waterloo Separators.

Gould-Shapely & Muir Pumping  
Engines and Windmills.

**J. A. BOWERS**  
LOMOND, - ALBERTA

## HUGHES' DRUG STORE

For Reliable Service

We carry a big range of Veterinary Remedies and Poultry Foods. Get your Water Glass now for preserving eggs. Choice CHOCOLATES, fine STATIONERY, BASE BALL SUPPLIES. Agent for KODAKS and SUPPLIES; COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS and RECORDS. Your Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully filled.

**R. H. Hughes**

CHEMIST

DRUGGIST



## Lomond District

These fine rains are too late to help most of the grain but the green grain and the spuds will take new life.

Jack Hardwick's fine new house will soon be completed. We hear that Jack is soon going to do the inevitable, we don't blame him.

Chris Koch is building a fine residence. Workmen are busily engaged laying the foundation.

We will soon have a chance to sign a petition to demolish the municipalities and leave our fate to the government. There are many advantages connection with the new proposed system, and particularly in this distressing time when economy is essential.

A few are cutting their grain and within the next few days all binders will be buzzing again in the ripened grain. Many say that there is little cause to complain. Let us believe it.

Most of the wells in the district are feeling the drought and the water is getting low.

We are looking ahead to the next big day when Lomond's baseball team will surpass all the diamond difficulties.

### Badger Lake

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Trew, of Lethbridge, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Trew.

Harvesting is under full swing.

Miss Davis is back again and school starts on Monday.

Cap. Calkins has rented his farm to Albert Thompson.

Mr. Brown of Lethbridge has been visiting at D. McAllisters.

Ralph Booth has been home for a few days visit, coming down with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitting.

### Armada Union Scores

The Armada U. F. A. has one good piece of evidence to show its effective-

ness in the assurance from the Department of Public Works that the road allowance at the north of township 16 in ranges 20 and 21 would be improved in compliance with a petition circulated through the efforts of the Armada U. F. A. Secretary H. Jewsbury has been advised by the chief engineer of the department to this effect.

### Thanks to Kinnondale Red Cross Workers

Dear Mrs. Carrington:-

We beg to acknowledge with thanks your cheque for \$61.65, being a donation to the funds of the Society from the Red Cross workers at Kinnondale.

We are delighted at the generosity of the friends of the Society in your district and thank you and Mrs. Lunt specially for your energetic work on behalf of our Society.

Wishing you all success in anything that you undertake in this connection, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Mary Pinkham

Honorary Secretary Treasurer  
Alberta Provincial Branch.

## Canadian Pacific

Lethbridge Stampede

Aug. 15 to 17, 1917.

SINGLE FARE

for the round trip

To Lethbridge

Going dates Aug. 14 to 17.

Return limit Aug. 18, 1917.

For full particulars and tickets apply to local agent.

R. DAWSON,

District Passenger Agent.

Calgary, Alta.

## Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready

Plenty of Miners

No Delay in Loading Teams.

\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.

## THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Money Orders and Drafts are issued by this Bank payable in all parts of the world.

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

## The Central Garage

LOMOND

## FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.

Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

## Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

## SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

### Associated Farmers

... Limited ...

Lomond, Alberta



## .. LOCALETS ..

The gardens will be growing with rapidity now since the bountiful rains have come along. New potatoes as well as old were almost a thing unknown owing to the lateness of the showers. Two week of time will make the change.

Andy Wogsberg has purchased John Holo's interest in the feed barn and bray business conducted formerly by Holo & Hedges. Andy is a terror to work and will no doubt live up to his reputation in his new enterprise.

Smith & Moran's implement yards have been a hive of industry ever since last Friday evening's train came in bringing the three car loads of binders that had been anxiously looked for by a good many of the farmers. As many as twenty men could be seen manipulating wrenches around the various machines at one time.

Business manager Torrance and Editor Groff, of the Lethbridge Herald gave The Press a fraternal call on Saturday morning. They had been up looking over the Retlaw fair and came on up and gave the country a look over.

The Imperial Oil Company has a man here this week erecting their tank station. There is a car of oil now on the track awaiting the setting up of the tank.

### Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,  
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

### Mckee & Cant

Contractors and Builders  
Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

### You Tractor Men

Buy Your Gasolene  
and Kerosene  
from

W. A. Teskey  
Lomond

### The H. & H Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond  
leave your team at  
the Farmers Feed  
Barn.

BOW CITY COAL AND  
TIMOTHY HAY FOR  
SALE

Holo & Hedges  
Lomond, Alberta

HERBERT J. MABER  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

### Phillips & Munro

Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,  
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water  
and Steam Heating.  
Furniture and Undertaking.

### DON'T WORRY

... GET THE BEST ...

If your growing crops are insured in any one of the following Hail Insurance companies, you need not worry about hail-storms.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN  
THE HARTFORD

THE BRITISH CROWN  
THE HOME

Automobile in good condition for sale. Will exchange for horses or cattle.

H. E. ELVES, Agent

## Ladies' Apparel

We endeavor to cater to the women of Lomond by keeping before them the new styles and designs as they are originated by the leading manufacturers of the land. Come and make your own personal selection.

## Headquarters

for

Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Boots, Shoes and Clothing

"Art" and "Fit-Reform" Tailored Clothes for Men.

## Marshall & Wilson

"THE STORE of QUALITY"

Lomond, Alberta